

HOME CIRCLE.

MARK TWAIN'S MINERAL LANDS.

Something About Twain's Early Life—East Tennessee Mountain Scenes.

Mountain Correspondent White and Chronicle.

WARTBURG, TENN., May 21, 1875.

A few days ago, in company with a friend, I left Wartburg for a stroll through the mountains. We crossed the line of the Cincinnati Southern at a point, three miles west of this place, known as Triplett's Gap. The country road crosses over a tunnel near the northern end of Major H. Carlisle's contract. The noise of the anvil, the mule driver, and the stinging blast, are in strange contrast with the solitude, that reigned supreme a year ago. From this point we rambled on promiscuously for a few miles, when the "even tenor of our way" was interrupted by my friend, who was in advance, suddenly stopping, with a loud exclamation.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, as I came up, and found him gazing intently at the road.

"Look at that!"

"I see nothing."

"The D— Dickens you don't!"

"No, what is it?"

"Why look at that sign board!"

I looked and read; to-wit:

"TO BRIMSTONE TEN MILES."

"Not another step on this road," continued my friend. "It's the broad road to destruction. I'm just as near 'Brimstone' now as I want to be."

It took me some time to explain to him that brimstone was the classic and euphonious name of a mountain stream, some miles distant. The genius of nomenclature was in a playful mood, when he, (or she) passed through this section. We had gone some miles from this place, when we were suddenly startled by the most hideous racket, tearing down through the woods in our right, and coming directly toward us.

"The dogs of Brimstone are upon us!" shouted my companion, as his mule took to its heels. I stood my ground and was astonished to see three men, four boys and several children burst out of the thick woods, directly in the road, making a most unearthly noise with bells, tin pans, and various other rattles-raps. If they saw us, they paid no heed, but kept on down the road, in the direction my friend had gone, raising the very old hurray as they went.

At last they stopped, and coming up I found that they were after a fugitive swarm of bees. Why to the world they should make such a noise is more than I can understand. I was elated the proceedings a while and then entered into conversation with one of the men.

"Is there any game about in these parts?" I inquired.

"Yes, some."

"What kind?"

"Squirrels, possums, coons, and such things."

"Any deer?"

"Oh, yes! I tell you, stranger, I come mighty high killin' a fine buck the other day."

"Ah! What a pity you didn't get him!"

"Yes, stranger, it was a pity. You see, the way of it was this. I was goin' out 'round my field late one evenin' to look for some hogs, and I just happened to think that maybe I might see a deer, and so I'd take my gun along. Well, as I was pokin' along around the fence, I just happened to look away up on the hillside, not thinkin' about seer a deer, and still I thought maybe I might see one, and right up that on the hill, above me, what do you think I saw, stranger?"

"I suppose a deer."

"No, stranger, I did not see a darned thing, nor I hadn't seen one since. Can't you give me a chew of tobacco, stranger?"

MARK TWAIN'S TENNESSEE LANDS.

I departed suddenly, a sadder and wiser man. Late in the evening we came to Jamestown. This is the county-seat of Fentress country. Here, a few years ago, Calvin Logston paid the debt of nature, and of the law. The gibbet where he suffered stands yet upon the green, a terrible warning to evil doers. At this place I had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of Mr. Orien Clemens, a brother of the celebrated Mark Twain. Their father, John M. Clemens, was clerk of the Circuit Court at Jamestown for several years, about 1828 and 1830. He was afterward Postmaster at Fall Mall, in the same county, for a number of years. In looking over the old musty records at Jamestown, I find that he located some forty thousand acres of mountain land in this county. This wild land, I am told, plays a prominent part in Twain's novel, "Gilded Age." From here they moved to Missouri, where Twain was born. About the year 1837, Twain and the other heirs transferred their interest in most or all of this land to their brother Orien. "For one dollar and other considerations." Just here a thought occurs to me which I am not willing the world should lose. Suppose Twain, instead of generously handing his interest over to his quiet, inoffensive brother, (who never did him any harm), had held on to it, and had spent his time in trying to work up, and straighten out these mountain titles, "The Gilded Age," "Roughing It," and "The Innocents Abroad," would never have been written, the thousands of believers and practitioners of the doctrine of "laugh and grow fat," would to-day be lean, gaunt specters, monuments of a thwarted providence; and the immortal Mark, himself, would, in all human probability, have been, ere this, a raving, roving inmate of the lunatic asylum.

But he shovels the thing off on his brother, went to work and turned the whole thing into a huge joke, and is making more money out of it than any man ever made out of mountain land before. I shall ever after this believe in special providences.

I found the brother a quiet, social gentleman and not at all pulled up over the fact that he is brother to the most distinguished humorist of the age.

MARK TWAIN'S EARLY LIFE.

He gave me many anecdotes of Mark's life as steamboat pilot, and later, as "local" on the Virginia En-

terprise. It was, while living in Virginia City, that Mark, Sam, Fitch, Mrs. Fitch and another party or two, agreed to write a story jointly, for a family paper which had been started at that place. Mark's turn came last, when he went to work and killed off every character in the story, despite the frantic efforts of the others to stay the wholesale slaughter. At the end of a pleasant hour Dean Lewis came in. (You know Dean.)

"I'll have you to know, said he, as he elevated his boots to the mantle, and whittled vigorously on a white pine stick. 'I'll have you to know, while you're talking of your literary kin folks, that I've got something in that line, that's not to be grinned at.'"

"As how?"

"I've got a cousin who's on the Atlantic Monthly."

"Who?"

"Will Howells."

"What? W. D. Howells, the editor of the Atlantic?"

"W. D. Howells, the editor of the Atlantic. I remember how mad I got at him one day while I was cabin boy on my Uncle's steamboat on the Ohio river. He wanted me to black his boots, and I invited him to go down and inspect the brimstone market. The blasted dandy went and complained to Uncle about it. Uncle came around and said:

"Dean, what have you been saying to your cousin Will?"

"He wanted me to black his boots."

"The next time he does so, break his d-d head with a marinspike," said Uncle.

But I have said enough for this time.

I remain yours truly,

RAMBLER.

FROM THE CINCINNATI RAILROAD

That Great Story About Murdering Colored Men False.

To the Editors of the Chronicle.

I say this morning the last issue of the Clinton Tribune, and was much struck with the article in regard to the alleged killing of a negro on the Cincinnati Southern Railway. I will not stop to comment on the barbarous spirit displayed in said article. It needs none. Cal. Sharp was probably a bad "nigger," but I think I know the good people of Anderson county too well to believe for a moment that they would endorse or uphold a spirit which would send a man to the scene of action, and let the good work continue.

Now for the facts in the case: I saw Mr. Dodson that evening, and took some pains to enquire of him, as he is one of Maj. Carlisle's friends. He states that there never have been but two homicides on their work, and that the last one was in October last. He further stated that no such negro as Cal. Sharp had ever been killed on their work. And in regard to the killing in Anderson county, which the Tribune attempts to palm off upon this despised negro, I would like to ask the Tribune who it is in all Anderson county that believes Colonel Sharp did it. I know whereof I speak when I say that there is not the man, woman or child in that county who believes it for a moment. I am not this despised "nigger's" apologist, but I do believe in giving the "devil his due." And when a man so far forgets the dictates of decency in his "nigger hating" prejudices, I deem it but right to refresh him with a few facts. The Tribune announces that it is the legal organ for all the counties of the Sixteenth Circuit. Will it inform us how long the Republican mountain counties have been converted to the patronage of a paper which utters such sentiments? I know at least one Republican officer of this county who is not aware of the Tribune being his organ.

I remain yours truly, etc.

PLUGGELY.

Grasshoppers Drowned Out by Heavy Rains.

KANSAS CITY, May 27.—Rain has poured down in torrents almost incessantly for the past twenty-four hours, and is still coming. Reports brought in from the roads running into the city show that the rain has been general in every direction for over one hundred miles from this city. Considerable damage has been done to the fences, railroads, and some to the growing crops, the lowlands being flooded and washed out in some localities, but the greatest injury has been done the grasshoppers. Untold millions of insects have been destroyed by the flood. They were washed into the gutters and streams of the city, and the streams in this vicinity have been full of them. To-day the Missouri river opposite the city has been black with them, and the engineer of the railroad bridge reports there is hardly any estimate of the number that has floated past. The levee has been visited by hundreds of people to witness the gratifying sight. There is no question but what the bulk of the insects in this vicinity have been destroyed by the flood, and it is estimated that tonight, as there is every prospect, there will be none left to trouble the farmers. In open fields the ground in places is thick with dead hoppers that have been killed by the beating rain. The feeling of dread is rapidly giving way to relief, and Governor Hardin will doubtless be called on to issue a proclamation of thanksgiving instead of one of fasting and prayer.

East Tennessee Wesleyan University

Commencement exercises begin on Sunday, May 30, and close on Thursday, June 3. Sunday—Baccalaureate Sermon, by the President. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—Examinations. Tuesday evening—Anniversary of the Philanthropic Literary Society. Thursday, at 9 o'clock—Commencement. Thursday evening—Anniversary of the Alumni Association, when an address will be delivered by Rev. M. M. Cullen, after which will be the reunion—J. A. Dean.

Slightly Altered.

While a man was gazing drink in a Larned street saloon yesterday a little ragged girl entered and sought him out, and instead of redressing him to come home, dear father, my poor brother Benny was dead and the house was all dark, she whispered:

Now, old man, you'd better be dusting out o' here. Mam's coming around the corner with a club in her hand and both eyes shooting fire!—Exchange.

I. O. G. T.

The Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the World.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., May 24, 1875.

To the Editors of the Chronicle:

On Saturday last at 10:40, we left our dear mountain city for this point to attend the session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the World, of the I. O. G. T., which convenes tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. In our journeyings hither we arrived at Nashville Sunday morning at 12 o'clock and 5 minutes, without incident of any kind to break the tedium of the ride. We immediately started for Louisville. Meeting with the Rev. F. J. Taylor a representative from our Grand Lodge, on the train, together with the delegation from Alabama and Georgia, making our party a most pleasant one, at least to your correspondent. We arrived in Louisville Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, where we were obliged to remain until 7 p. m. We however, passed a pleasant day in company with Green Clay Smith, G. W. C. T., of Kentucky, N. F. Thompson, G. W. S., and Bro. Geo. W. Bain, P. G. W. C. T., and the present Grand Lecturer of the same State. These are brilliant, courteous gentlemen, who have the good of the Order at heart and are pushing our principles to a triumphant success in their States. Bros. Smith and Bain took the train with us for Indianapolis and Bloomington, adding of course to its pleasure.

After an all night's ride through Indiana, Illinois, and a furious rain storm (by the way we hope a portion of it reached Knoxville, as it was needed when we left) we arrived at Bloomington this morning at 8 o'clock, thoroughly fatigued, and deposited ourselves in the care of nine host of the Astley House, by the way an excellent house, well kept. Bloomington is a beautiful, stirring little city of 20,000 people composed of a class who each seem to be living for a purpose, and who propose to waste no time until it be accomplished. Some of the buildings, both business and public, are beautiful in the extreme. The court house, for instance, is about the size of the one in Nashville, but of more elaborate architecture. The Good Templar Hall occupies the full area of two blocks—not squares. The third story of the building is beautifully fitted up, showing an earnest confidence in the continued success of the Order at present.

Delegates from the following Grand Jurisdictions have arrived. The remainder will be here tomorrow:

Alabama, Canada, Scotland, England, Bermuda, California, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Zealand, New York, North Carolina, Nova Scotia, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and Georgia.

Col. J. J. Hickman is here, looking as bright, joyous and happy as when we listened to his free eloquence in Knoxville. Our loved G. W. S., N. J. Gibson, is also here, having been on a trip to friends in Wisconsin. He says that he spent the pleasantest week of his life, visiting and feasting, so you see he is in prime order for the work before him.

Tomorrow evening the grand reception takes place, a report of which I will send you, together with all proper matter as it occurs in the R. W. G. L.

(Condensed from the Bloomington (Ill.) Leader.)

At ten o'clock this morning the members and delegates to the R. W. G. L. met at the First M. E. Church, that building having been tendered to the order for holding its session by the Board of Trustees.

The roll of officers was called, and the following were present:

R. W. G. L.—Col. J. J. Hickman, Louisville, Ky.

R. W. G. C.—Joseph Malins, Birmingham, England.

R. W. G. S.—W. S. Williams, Nanpance, Ontario.

R. W. G. D. M.—Mrs. Governor Taylor, Madison, Wis.

The R. W. G. T. made the following pro tem. appointments:

R. W. G. V. T.—Annie Welchman, Philadelphia, Pa.

G. W. Chap.—Rev. J. M. Yearshaw, Lincoln, Neb.

R. W. G. M.—Theo. Kanouse, San Prairie, Wis.

R. W. G. I. G.—Mrs. Ellen Wilkins, Chicago, Ill.

R. W. G. O. G.—Samuel Capper, Manchester, England.

The R. W. G. T. appointed the following Committee on Credentials:

Rep's, W. S. Williams, Canada; J. N. Stearns, New York; P. P. Ellis, Missouri; N. F. Thompson, Kentucky; Rev. M. H. Neeley, Texas.

On motion, J. W. Nichols was appointed to furnish the proceedings to the Committee on Credentials.

The Committee on Credentials presented their report, which was adopted.

R. W. G. L. DEGREE.

The degree of the R. W. G. L. was then conferred upon about one hundred and fifty representatives of the following Grand Divisions of the Good Templars work: Alabama, 2; Arkansas, 1; Bermuda, 1; California, 2; Canada, 7; Colorado, 2; District of Columbia, 1; England, 8; Georgia, 3; Illinois, 12; Indiana, 5; Iowa, 3; Kansas, 2; Kentucky, 3; Maine, 2; Maryland, 2; Michigan, 3; Missouri, 3; Massachusetts, 6; Minnesota, 2; Nebraska, 2; New Hampshire, 1; New York, 7; New Zealand, 1; North Carolina, 3; Nova Scotia, 1; Ohio, 2; Oregon, 1; Pennsylvania, 6; Quebec, 1; Rhode Island, 3; Scotland, 2; South Carolina, 2; Tennessee, 3; Texas, 1; Vermont, 2; Virginia, 2; West Virginia, 2; Wisconsin, 4.

The R. W. G. T. then read his annual report. This report was quite lengthy, and was listened to with deep attention. It is impossible for us to publish the report in full, but the following items will be of general interest:

The report shows that great progress has been made during the past year in the Order:

The following Grand Lodges have been organized during the year:

The Grand Lodge of South Africa

organized on the 20th, May 1874, by Bro. J. F. Smith, D. D. R. W. G. T. The Grand Lodge of New South Wales was organized on the 25th May, 1874, by Bro. Joseph Weather, S. D. R. W. G. T.

The Grand Lodge of Tasmania was organized on the same day (May 25, 1874), by W. Fisher, D. R. W. G. T., who was elected G. W. C. T.

The Grand Lodge of Quebec was organized on the 1st day of July, 1874, by Bro. W. S. Williams, R. W. G. S.

The Grand Lodge of Wales (English), was organized on the 11th day of August, 1874, by Bro. John Lewis, D. D. R. W. G. T., and Bro. Joseph Malins, R. W. G. C.

The Grand Lodge of New Zealand, (South of Cook's Strait), was organized on the 20th of September, 1874, by Rev. B. J. Westbrooke, D. D. R. W. G. T., at Christ Church, Canterbury, New Zealand.

The Grand Lodge of New Zealand (North), was organized by our esteemed friend and brother, Hon. S. D. Hastings, P. R. W. G. T., and special D. R. W. G. T., on the 23rd day of January, 1875, at Auckland, New Zealand.

The R. W. G. T. organized the Grand Lodge of Mississippi at Grenada, on the 8th day of May, 1875.

The Grand Lodge of Arkansas, on the 8th of May, 1875. Our Order is stronger now than ever before. Our numbers have greatly increased during the past year, and on the roll-books of our International Order we have registered more than seven hundred and twenty-five thousand names. What a grand army to do battle for the right! Heaven be praised for all that has been accomplished.

The R. W. G. S. then read his report showing the financial standing of the order. The receipts during the year, including balance on hand at the beginning of the year, \$19,585.35; expenditures, \$14,268.77; cash in hand, \$4,016.58; assets, \$14,291.81.

"CLAWING OUT."

Peculiar Predicament of a Widow, all Alone in the World.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

Yesterday, as a policeman was strolling past a house on Fort Street east, a woman a year or two over forty, having her sleeves rolled up and her hands covered with flour, ran out to the gate and called to him:

"It's a little delicate," she said as she leaned over the gate and tried to blush, "but I'm a person that knows my rights, and besides, I'm all alone in the world and no one to advise me."

"Speak your mind freely, madam," replied the officer, as he tapped on the pickets with his baton.

"You know all about the law, don't you?" she inquired.

"Everything, madam. I can tell you how to go to work in an admiralty case, and bring you from that down through divorce, bankruptcy, arson, burglary, false pretenses, hitting a horse to a shade tree and getting intoxicated."

"It's a little delicate," she softly said, as she rubbed the flour off her hands, "but, as I said before, I'm all alone."

"Trust me, madam—repose confidence in me," he replied, swelling out his chest.

"Well, s'posed you were a widow?"

"Yes, madam."

"And s'posed one of the boarders gave you a breast-pin?"

"I see, madam."

"And s'posed he smiled at you, and sent you poetry, and asked you to ride out on Sunday, and the neighbors whispered around that you were engaged?"

"Proceed, madam—I congratulate you."

"No, you mustn't, for s'posed after all this he suddenly began to claw off, and didn't smile on you any more, and didn't praise your cooking, and took another woman to the minstrel show?"

"Ah! the traitor! Perhaps he has transferred his affections to some one else."

"That's what I think. I know it's a little delicate, but I'm all alone in the world, you see, and I want to know if there isn't a law to bear on him? It isn't right to go and encourage a lone woman like me and then claw off?"

"He ought to be roasted alive, he had!"

"I don't know as I'd want him arrested, but I'd like to have you call on him and make threats. Tell him he's liable to State prison for clawing off this way. I tell you it's a pretty serious thing to go and encourage a woman of my age and then skulk around behind the hen-coop all day long. Isn't there a law?"

"Less see. I hardly think there is."

"Well, you can call on him. Tell him alone—look fierce—have your handkerchiefs in sight. Just tell him that you know all about it, and that I'm good-hearted, pleasant, rich, and that he'd better be careful how he practices around, or he'll think a tornado struck him."

The officer promised, and she rubbed a cloud of flour off her hands and ran up the path with a light heart.

Wheat Prospects in New York.

The compilation of wheat crop prospects in this State recently collected and published in the Philadelphia Press, seems to indicate as much damage in New York as in the Western States. We had not seen reports from the interior to indicate such general damage to the crop of winter wheat by winter killing as their dispatches indicated. Yet, in the absence of any systematic efforts to collect the facts until these given by the Press to the public, they must pass as a fair representation of the condition of the crop until they are controverted by some more thorough investigation. From these it appears that not much, if any more, than one-half a crop of winter wheat can be looked for, and certainly not over two-thirds.—New York Bulletin.

PETER RITTER.

Wholesale and Retail Tobacconist.

Merchants will find to their interest to examine prices and qualities of Cigars, Tobaccos and Pipes, &c., at Peter Ritter's, as he proposes to sell as cheap as the cheapest. To consumers he will sell at retail prices the best brands of domestic, Key West and imported Cigars, fine Tobaccos, and everything usually found at a first-class tobacco house. Remember the place—90 Gay street, Knoxville, Tennessee. vi7d1f

Newton is not going to ask any more conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hog's head, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

Pope Pius IX. celebrated, on Thursday last, his eighty-third birthday, and if he lives until the 17th of next June he will have completed the twenty-ninth year of his pontificate. Other Popes have lived to a greater age than the present head of the Catholic Church, twenty of them having reached eighty-four, but the number of years of his pontificate surpasses that of St. Peter, to whom history assigns two or three years' rule of the Church. The present Pope was born May 13, 1792, received holy orders in 1818, was made an archbishop in 1827 and a cardinal in 1840, and on June 16, 1846, after the death of Gregory XVI., he was chosen Pope, being proclaimed the next day. There were then in the Sacred College sixty-one cardinals, only eight of whom are now living, and but one of them in the Archbishop of Fermo, is older than the Pope, he being four weeks the senior. Pius IX., during his reign, has created thirty-nine cardinals, of whom 16 are since died, and the college now numbers fifty-seven.

COMMERCIAL.

WHOLESALE MARKETS.

CHRONICLE OFFICE.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., May 31, 1875.

The past week was a very dull one in the produce line, in fact, a depressed feeling seems to exist in almost every department of trade.

Wheat has gone down as fast as it ran up, and the market at present is so unsettled that it is almost impossible to name a reliable quotation. White may be quoted all the way from \$1.15 to \$1.20, according to quality and quantity. The growing wheat crop not being as badly injured by the frost as first expected and the millers throughout the country having large stocks of wheat on hand, are reasons assigned for this great downfall in prices.

Corn is still on the decline and dull at quotations.

Butter has declined and the market is at present overstocked.

Irish potatoes have advanced and choice varieties for seed and table use bring extra prices.

Bacon, lard, eggs and feathers remain unchanged.

We quote:

WHEAT—White declining, \$1.15 to \$1.20.

CORN—Declining; loose, 74 to 75; sacked in depot, 80 to 82.

LARD—Scarcy, 16c.

EGGS—In demand, 55 to 60.

POTATOES—Peach blow and Peerless 1.00 to 1.25.

FLAX—Fair demand, \$1.00 to 1.10, based on low market, 90c per 100 lbs.

APPLES—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

PEACHES—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

PLUMS—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

CHERRIES—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

RAISINS—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

GRAPES—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

ORANGES—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

LIMES—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

LEMONS—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

COCONUTS—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

ALMONDS—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

PECANES—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

WALNUTS—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

CHOCOLATE—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

ICE—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

COAL—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

WOOD—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

IRON—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

STEEL—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

COPPER—Fair demand, 75c to 80c, based on low market, 70c to 75c.

ZINC—Fair demand, 75c